DARK HORSE COMICS
2 of 4
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ALIENS
ROGUE
IAN EDGINTON • WILL SIMPSON

ALIENS™

ROGUE

2

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DARK HORSE COMICS

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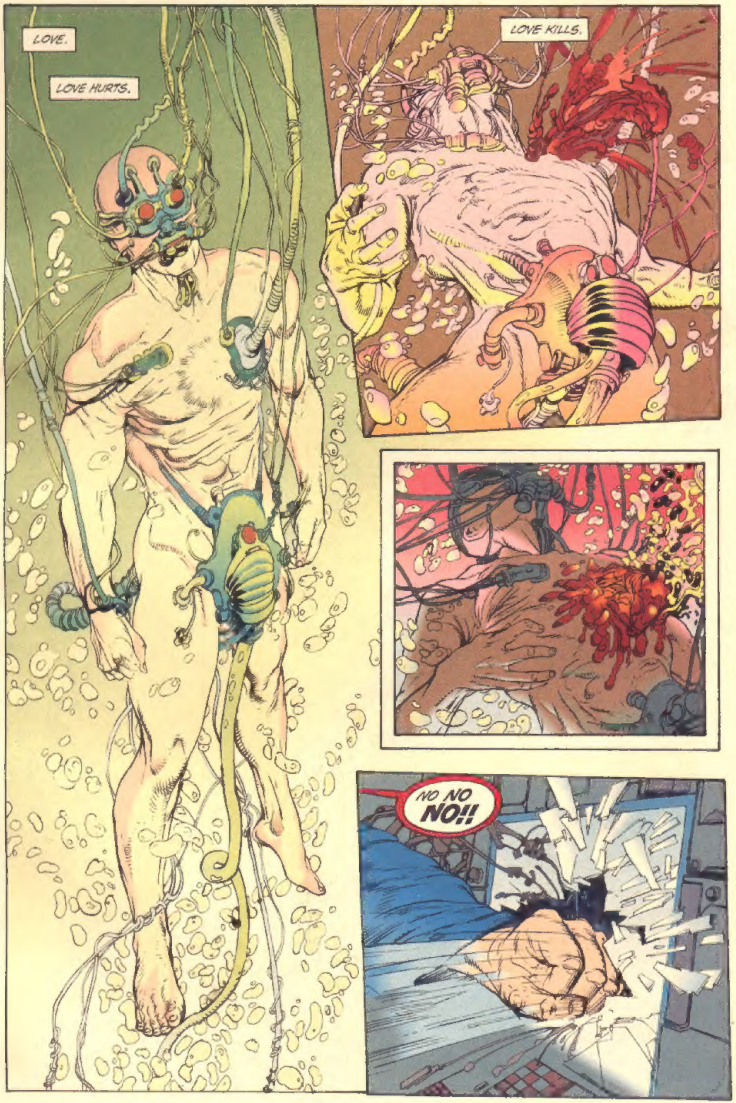
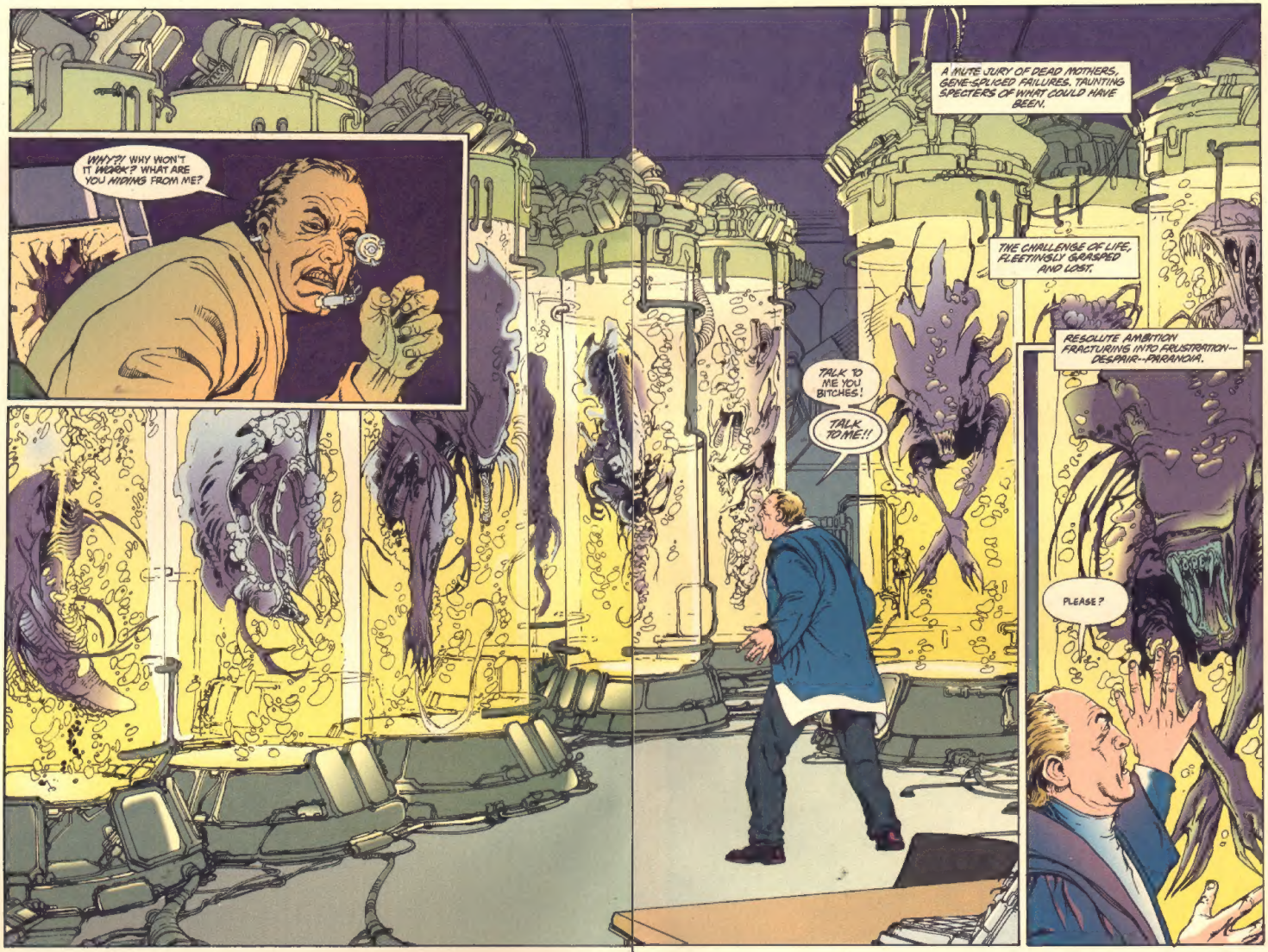
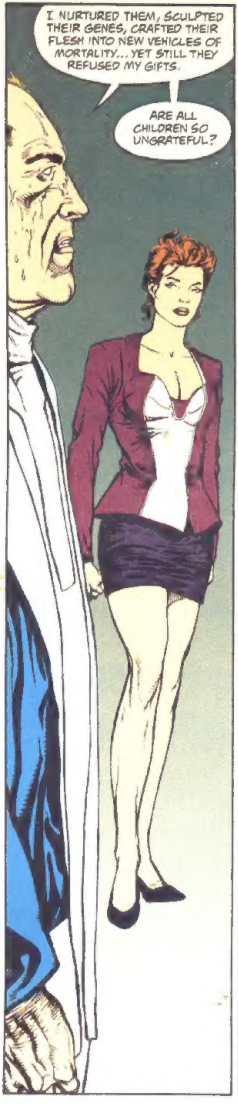

LOVE.
LOVE HURTS.
LOVE KILLS.
NO NO NO!!


WHY?! WHY WON'T IT WORK? WHAT ARE YOU HIDING FROM ME?
A MUTE JURY OF DEAD MOTHERS, GENE-SPLICED FAILURES. TAUNTING SPECTERS OF WHAT COULD HAVE BEEN.
THE CHALLENGE OF LIFE, FLEETINGLY GRASPED AND LOST.
RESOLUTE AMBITION FRACTURING INTO FRUSTRATION--DESPAIR--PARANOIA.
TALK TO ME YOU BITCHES!
TALK TO ME!!
PLEASE?


I NURTURED THEM, SCULPTED THEIR GENES, CRAFTED THEIR FLESH INTO NEW VEHICLES OF MORTALITY... YET STILL THEY REFUSED MY GIFTS.
ARE ALL CHILDREN SO UNGRATEFUL?

SIR, I...
THE QUEENS. THEY'RE THE ONES -- ALWAYS DEFYING ME. BUT I'LL BREAK THEM LIKE I DID THE OTHERS. HAVE THEM RUNNING TO HEEL LIKE THE BEASTS THEY ARE.

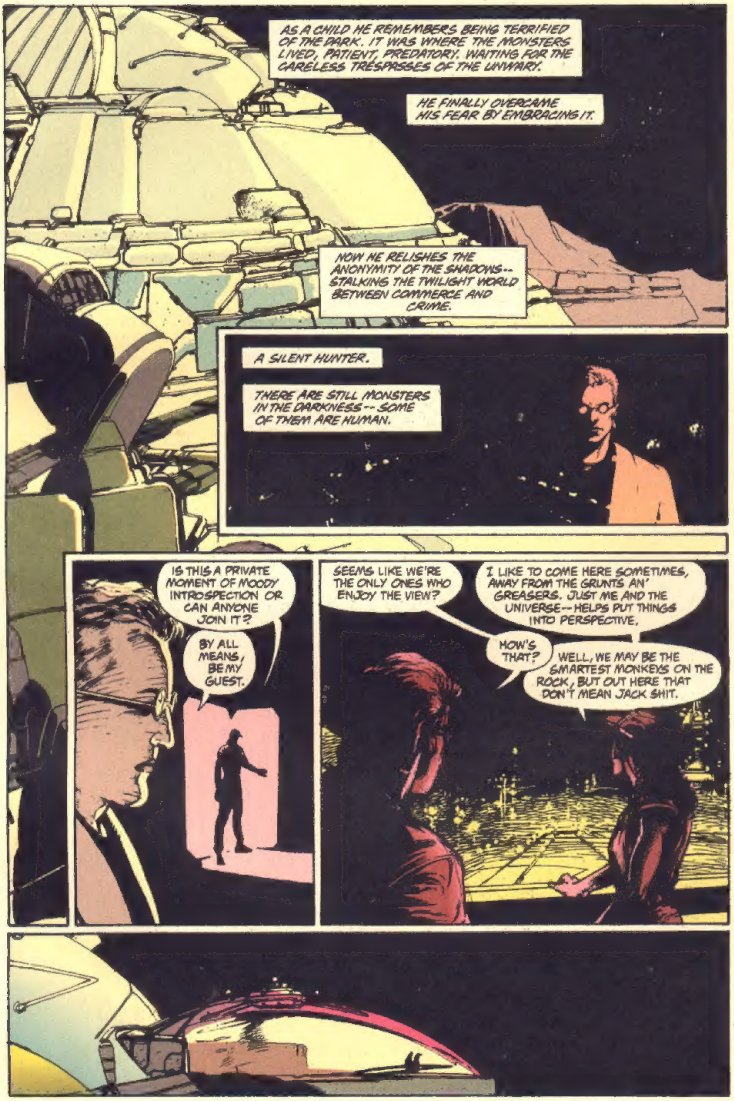
LAST NIGHT, I DREAMED I WAS BALANCED ON THE EDGE OF A VAST ABYSS, ITS FLOOR OBSCURED BY AN OCEAN OF GREY CLOUDS.
INSTEAD OF FOLLOWING THE SAFE PATH, I DELIBERATELY STEPPED OFF--INTO THE UNKNOWN.

A RATHER BLATANT METAPHOR, DON'T YOU AGREE?
I WOULDN'T KNOW. I NEVER DREAM.
OF COURSE NOT. I'M SORRY.

WHAT'S YOUR REPORT?
IT'S THE SUBJECT SIR. HE'S ON THE MOVE.

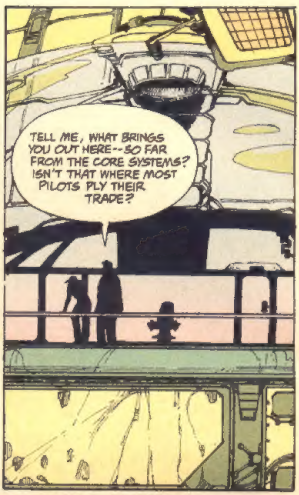
IT TOOK TWO THOUSAND CONVICTS TO HACK CHARON OUT OF THE ROCK AND ICE.
TWO THOUSAND MEN DIGGING THEIR OWN GRAVES.
PAULIE FINN IS A GRAVE ROBBER.
ON HIS DAYS OFF FROM THE KITCHENS, HE STEALS FROM THE DEAD TO SUPPLEMENT HIS LIVING.
A SIDELINE THAT COULD TURN THE STRONGEST STOMACHS.
BUT PAULIE IS A PRACTICAL MAN.

WORKING IN THE KITCHEN HAS GIVEN HIM A HEALTHY DISREGARD FOR DEAD MEAT.
WHAT THE CHRIST IS THIS?!
S'LIKE A GOODAMN MEATLOCKER...
MMWWAAAHH!!
GAAA!!
URGHH
IT'S THE LIVE ONES YOU HAVE TO WATCH OUT FOR.

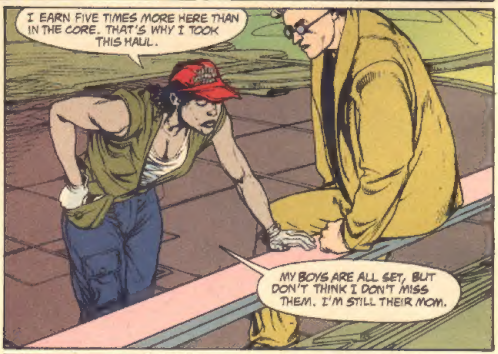

AS A CHILD HE REMEMBERS BEING TERRIFIED OF THE DARK. IT WAS WHERE THE MONSTERS LIVED. PATIENT, PREDATORY. WAITING FOR THE CARELESS TRESPASSES OF THE UNWARY.
HE FINALLY OVERCAME HIS FEAR BY EMBRACING IT.
NOW HE RELISHES THE ANONYMITY OF THE SHADOWS-- STALKING THE TWILIGHT WORLD BETWEEN COMMERCE AND CRIME.
A SILENT HUNTER.
THERE ARE STILL MONSTERS IN THE DARKNESS-- SOME OF THEM ARE HUMAN.
IS THIS A PRIVATE MOMENT OF MOODY INTROSPECTION OR CAN ANYONE JOIN IT?
BY ALL MEANS, BE MY GUEST.
SEEMS LIKE WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO ENJOY THE VIEW?
I LIKE TO COME HERE SOMETIMES, AWAY FROM THE GRUNTS AN' GREASERS. JUST ME AND THE UNIVERSE-- HELPS PUT THINGS INTO PERSPECTIVE.
HOW'S THAT?
WELL, WE MAY BE THE SMARTEST MONKEYS ON THE ROCK, BUT OUT HERE THAT DON'T MEAN JACK SHIT.

PROFOUND HUH?
INSPIRING.
YOU HAVE THE SOUL OF A PHILOSOPHER.
...AN'A FINE LINE IN BULLSHIT. ARE YOU PUTTING A MOVE ON ME BY ANY CHANCE, MISTER KRAY?

PERHAPS, BUT PLEASE CALL ME JOHN.
I'M JOYCE.


TELL ME, WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT HERE--SO FAR FROM THE CORE SYSTEMS? ISN'T THAT WHERE MOST PILOTS PLY THEIR TRADE?

THESE'RE MY REASONS, MY BOYS, AARON AND SHAUN. THEIR FATHER VANISHED DURING THE WAR. WE BARELY MADE IT.
THEY LIVE IN GENEVA WITH MY MOM NOW.


I EARN FIVE TIMES MORE HERE THAN IN THE CORE. THAT'S WHY I TOOK THIS HAUL.
MY BOYS ARE ALL SET, BUT DON'T THINK I DON'T MISS THEM. I'M STILL THEIR MOM.

SORRY. I DIDN'T MEAN TO PRY.
NO PROBLEM. IT'S JUST THE WAY THINGS ARE. YOU LEARN TO LIVE WITH IT.

DAMN.
SOMETHING WRONG?
NO, NOT YET.
WE'RE IN ITS SHADOW-- GOT A FEW SECONDS. LISTEN, THIS ISN'T A SOCIAL CALL. I'M TAKING A CHANCE TRUSTING YOU. BUT WE NEED TO TALK.
I...
THE WHOLE BASE'S WIRED FOR SOUND AND VISION. PRIVACY'S A DIRTY WORD AROUND HERE.
WHAT I HAVE TO SAY ISN'T FOR PRYING EYES AND EARS.
MEET ME ON THE CALIBAN IN AN HOUR.
CHRIST, YOU'D BETTER BE OKAY, MAN. I'M PUTTING MORE THAN MY NECK ON THE LINE HERE.

CAN I HELP YOU, SERGEANT?
I WANT TO SEE KLEIST RIGHT NOW!!
THE PROFESSOR IS IN A MEETING. HE LEFT STRICT INSTRUCTIONS NOT TO BE DISTURBED.
HE WAS MOST INSISTENT.
OUTTA MY WAY, MA'AM, OR I SWEAR I'LL...

YOU'LL DO WHAT? STRIKE A WOMAN?
THAT'S NOT VERY GALLANT NOW IS IT?
UUHNN

BUT THEN AGAIN I'M NOT A WOMAN.

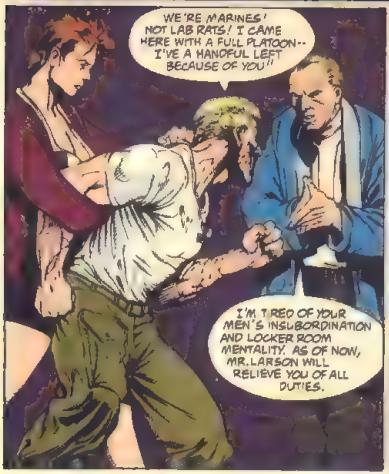
REALLY, SERGEANT..
WHY CAN'T YOU MAKE AN APPOINTMENT LIKE EVERYONE ELSE?
FILTHY FREAKS AN' MACHINES IS ALL HE CARES ABOUT.
WHAT ABOUT PEOPLE FOR CHRISSAKES?!
WHAT ABOUT THEM?
GUUHH
THAT'S ENOUGH, GRACE I'M SURE THE SERGEANT'S LEARNED HIS LESSON.

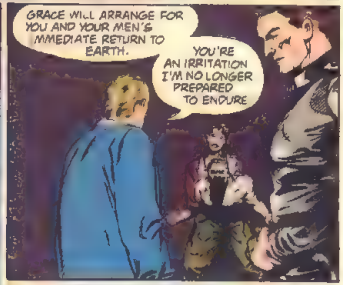
I THINK I KNOW WHAT'S UPSET HIM
YOU MURDERED ONE OF MY MEN, YOU BASTARD! KILLED HIM AND TRY TO CALL IT JUSTICE!.
AS YOU WITNESSED, CORPORAL CHOI DELIBERATELY DESTROYED AN EXPENSIVE SPECIMEN.

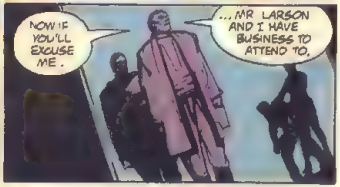
HE COULD EASILY HAVE SUBDUED IT WITH A TASER BUT CHOSE NOT TO. A CONSCIOUS ACT OF SABOTAGE.
WHAT!
AS DIRECTOR OF THIS FACILITY, I FELT OBLIGED TO AUTHORIZE THE MAXIMUM PENALTY.

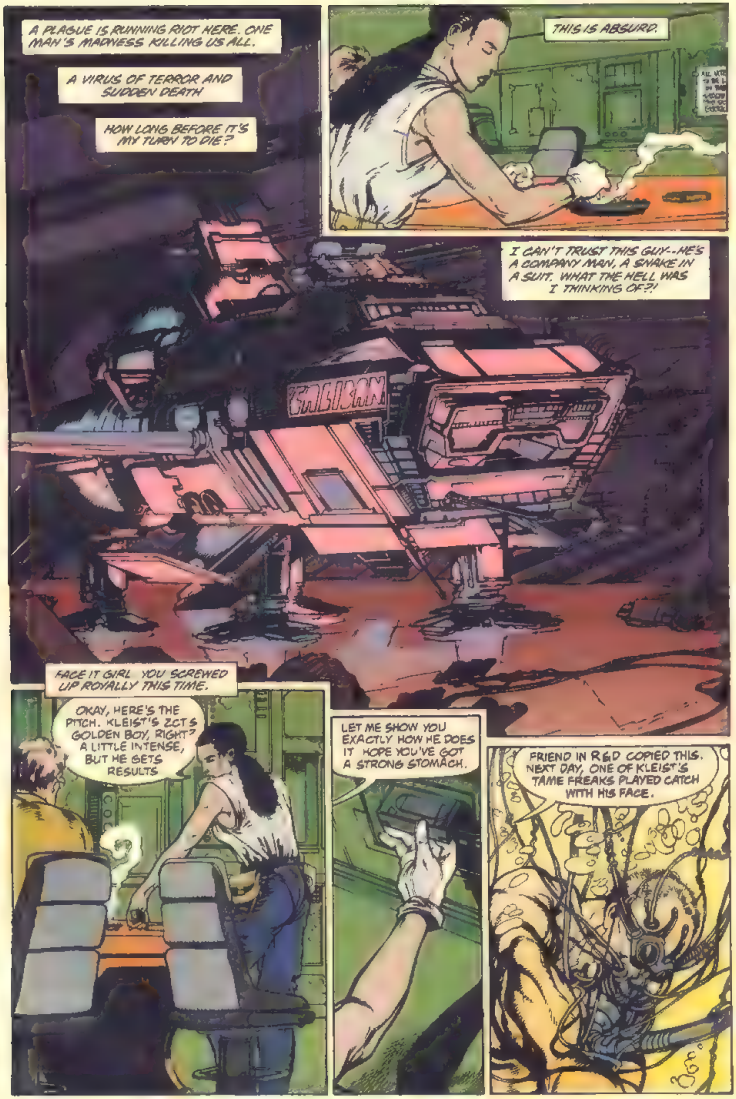
MY GOD! HE WAS RIGHT! YOU ARE OUT OF YOUR MIND!!

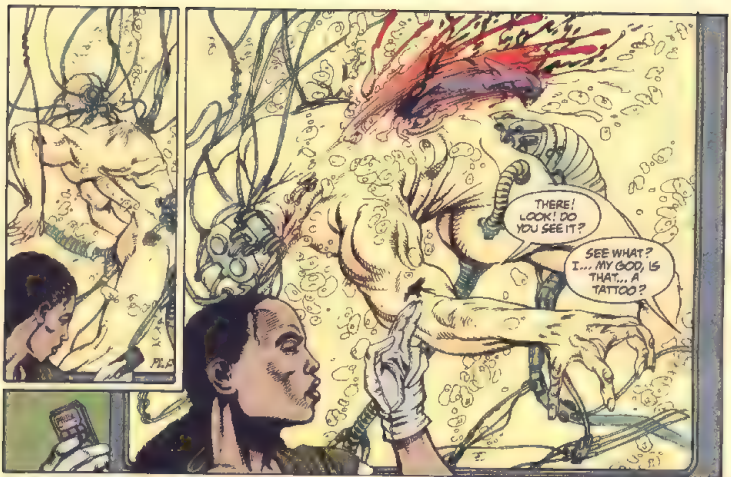
THIS IS A SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT, NOT A MILITARY OUTPOST. YOU'RE UNDER MY JURISDICTION, FOLLOWING MY ORDERS!


WE'RE MARINES! NOT LAB RATS! I CAME HERE WITH A FULL PLATOON-- I'VE A HANDFUL LEFT BECAUSE OF YOU!!
I'M TIRED OF YOUR MEN'S INSUBORDINATION AND LOCKER ROOM MENTALITY. AS OF NOW, MR. LARSON WILL RELIEVE YOU OF ALL DUTIES.


GRACE WILL ARRANGE FOR YOU AND YOUR MEN'S IMMEDIATE RETURN TO EARTH.
YOU'RE AN IRRITATION I'M NO LONGER PREPARED TO ENDURE


NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME.
...MR LARSON AND I HAVE BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO.

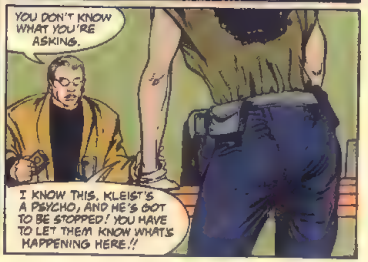

A PLAGUE IS RUNNING RIOT HERE. ONE MAN'S MADNESS KILLING US ALL.
A VIRUS OF TERROR AND SUDDEN DEATH
HOW LONG BEFORE IT'S MY TURN TO DIE?
THIS IS ABSURD.
I CAN'T TRUST THIS GUY--HE'S A COMPANY MAN, A SNAKE IN A SUIT. WHAT THE HELL WAS I THINKING OF?!
FACE IT GIRL, YOU SCREWED UP ROYALLY THIS TIME.
OKAY, HERE'S THE PITCH. KLEIST'S ZOTS GOLDEN BOY, RIGHT? A LITTLE INTENSE, BUT HE GETS RESULTS
LET ME SHOW YOU EXACTLY HOW HE DOES IT. HOPE YOU'VE GOT A STRONG STOMACH.
FRIEND IN R&D COPIED THIS. NEXT DAY, ONE OF KLEIST'S TAME FREAKS PLAYED CATCH WITH HIS FACE.


THERE! LOOK! DO YOU SEE IT?
SEE WHAT? I... MY GOD, IS THAT... A TATTOO?

MEET BILLY SINCLAIR, AN OLD BUDDY OF MINE. I WAS WITH HIM WHEN HE GOT IT DONE ON SHORE LEAVE IN MELBOURNE TEN YEARS AGO.

HE SUPPOSEDLY DIED LAST MONTH. FAULTY AIRLOCK--EXPLOSIVE DECOMPRESSION. THEY SHOULD'VE HAD TO SCRAPE HIM OFF THE WALLS, BUT THERE HE IS.

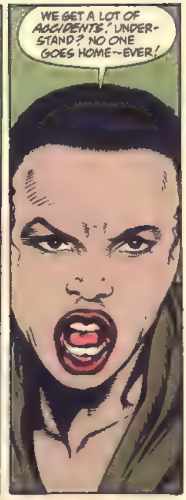
TAPE'S FULL OF THEM. SOME I KNOW. OTHERS--IT'S HARD TO TELL.
QUESTION IS, JOHN, WHAT'RE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?


YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ASKING.
I KNOW THIS, KLEIST'S A PSYCHO, AND HE'S GOT TO BE STOPPED! YOU HAVE TO LET THEM KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE!!

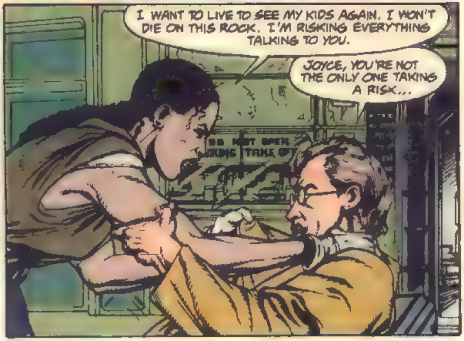
IT'S NOT THAT EASY.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LIVE IN FEAR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY, EVERY DAY WITHOUT END?!

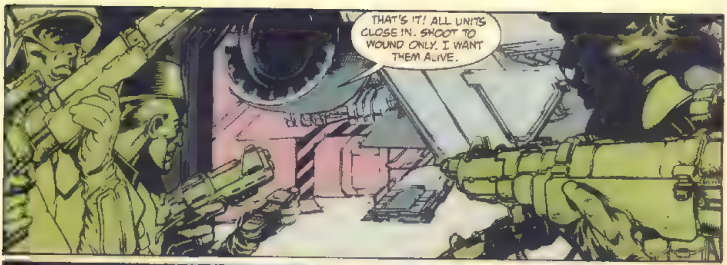
THIS PLACE IS A GULAG, SIX MONTHS COMMUNICATION TIME FROM EARTH. KLEIST CAN DO ANYTHING HE LIKES, HERE--ANYTHING!

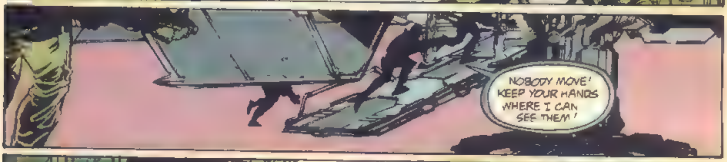

WE GET A LOT OF ACCIDENTS, UNDERSTAND? NO ONE GOES HOME--EVER!

ONLY A FEW OF US KNOW THE TRUTH. WE KEEP A LOW PROFILE. MAKE TOO MANY WAVES, LARSON'S BOYS PAY YOU A SURPRISE VISIT, AND THAT'S IT...
YOU'RE GONE.
ANOTHER 'ACCIDENT.'


I WANT TO LIVE TO SEE MY KIDS AGAIN. I WON'T DIE ON THIS ROCK. I'M RISKING EVERYTHING TALKING TO YOU.
JOYCE, YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE TAKING A RISK...

THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW.





YOU BASTARD! I SHOULD'VE KNOWN...

YOU DEAF, BITCH?

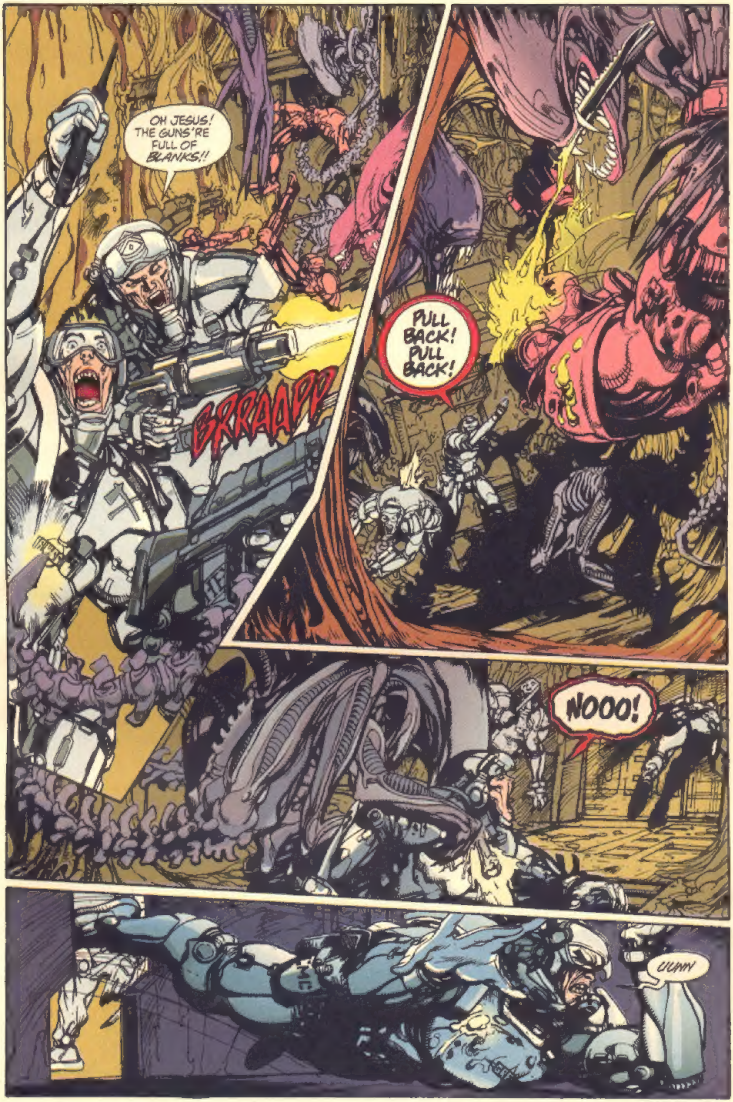
SMAK

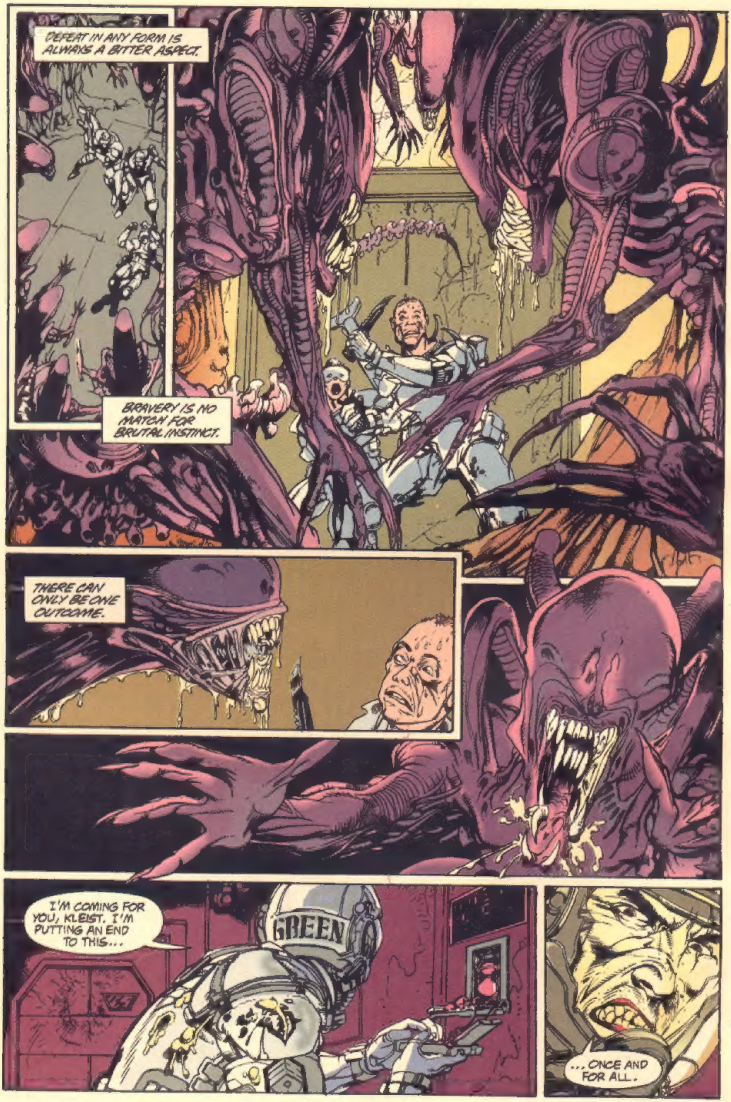
GLAARGH
GO AHEAD, PICK IT UP...
. PLEASE

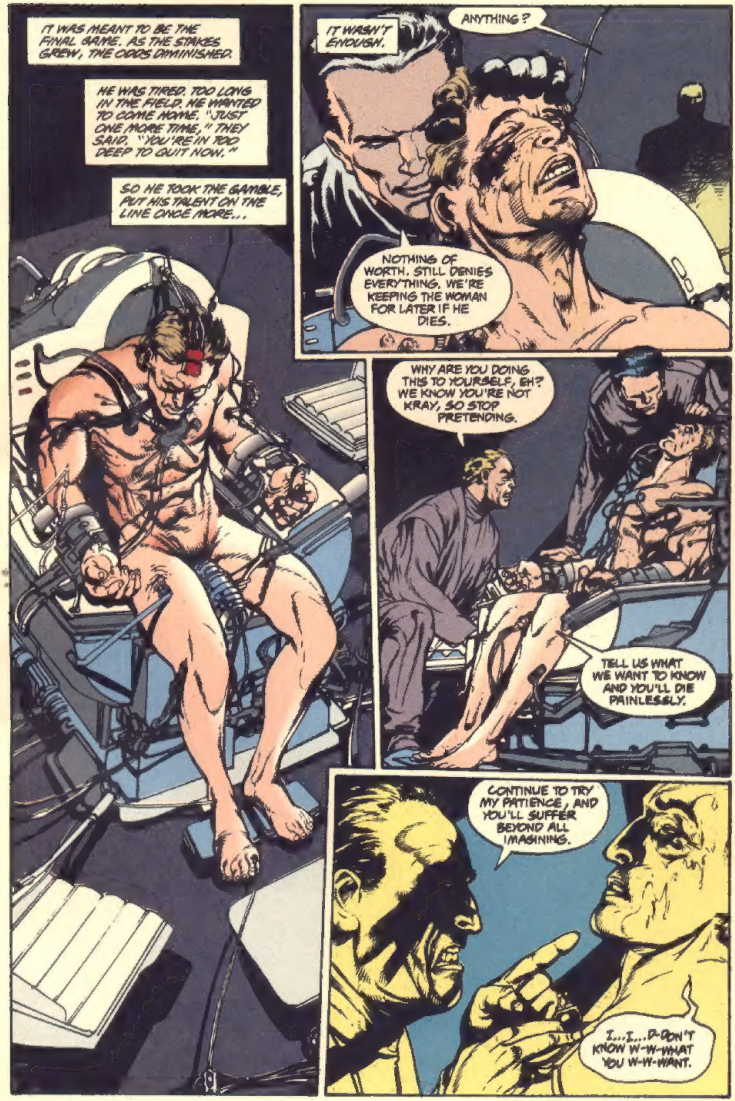
GEAR IS STOWED, WEAPONS RACKED. TOUR OF DUTY IS OVER.
A TIME OF MIXED EMOTIONS. JOY MUTED BY THE LOSS OF FALLEN COMRADES...
...ACCOMPANIED BY A PROFOUND SENSE OF RELIEF.
MAN, CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS?
WE'RE GOING HOME WE'RE FINALLY GONNA SEE THE BACK OF THIS HEAD.
WHAT'S THE PLAN, SARGE?
WE'LL RENDEZVOUS WITH THE BATTLE CRUISER SAUDAKAUR, THEN DEEP FREEZE IT FROM THERE.
I HATE THOSE ICE BOXES!
PRICE YOU PAY FOR WORKING OUT IN THE BUTT END OF THE UNIVERSE.
BUCKLE IN TIGHT, GENTLEMEN. WE'RE ON OUR WAY.
THE VOICE OF GOD.
...OR AT LEAST HIS SECRETARY.

"WHOA! WHAT GIVES? WHERE ARE WE GOING?!"
I'VE GOT A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS.
FORREST, GET THAT DOOR OPEN!
SIR, IT'S LOCKED!
RUN A BYPASS:
IT'S ON REMOTE!
IT'S A SETUP. WE'RE HEADING FOR THE ALIEN SECTOR. THAT SONOVABITCH AIMS TO DROP US RIGHT IN THEIR LAPS.
SUIT UP, PEOPLE
WE'RE NOT GIVING UP WITHOUT A FIGHT.
A TYPICAL FUTILE GESTURE.
INITIATE SHIP AND ALIEN ZONE AIRLOCK OVERRIDES. I WANT THIS OVER QUICKLY.
I'VE BIGGER FISH TO FRY
OH GOD.
KEEP COOL. THIS IS LIKE JUST ANOTHER BUG HUNT.

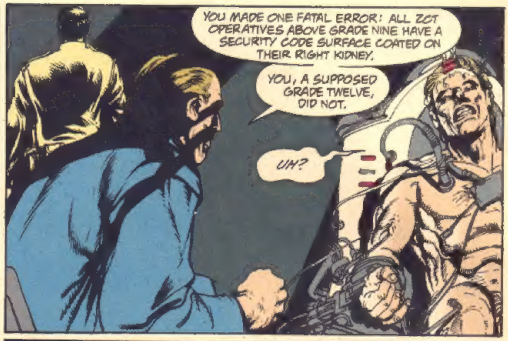
GEEAHHHHH
OPEN FIRE!!
THEY'RE NOT GOING DOWN! THE GUNS ARE SCRA--


OH JESUS! THE GUNS'RE FULL OF BLANKS!!
BRRAAPP
PULL BACK! PULL BACK!
NOOO!
UUHH!


DEFEAT IN ANY FORM IS ALWAYS A BITTER ASPECT.
BRAVERY IS NO MATCH FOR BRUTAL INSTINCT.
THERE CAN ONLY BE ONE OUTCOME.
I'M COMING FOR YOU, KLEIST. I'M PUTTING AN END TO THIS...
GREEN
...ONCE AND FOR ALL.


IT WAS MEANT TO BE THE FINAL GAME. AS THE STAKES GREW, THE ODDS DIMINISHED.
HE WAS TIRED. TOO LONG IN THE FIELD. HE WANTED TO COME HOME. "JUST ONE MORE TIME," THEY SAID. "YOU'RE IN TOO DEEP TO QUIT NOW."
SO HE TOOK THE GAMBLE, PUT HIS TALENT ON THE LINE ONCE MORE...
ANYTHING?
IT WASN'T ENOUGH.
NOTHING OF WORTH. STILL DENIES EVERYTHING. WE'RE KEEPING THE WOMAN FOR LATER IF HE DIES.
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS TO YOURSELF, EH? WE KNOW YOU'RE NOT KRAY, SO STOP PRETENDING.
TELL US WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW AND YOU'LL DIE PAINLESSLY.
CONTINUE TO TRY MY PATIENCE, AND YOU'LL SUFFER BEYOND ALL IMAGINING.
I...I...D-DON'T KNOW W-W-WHAT YOU W-W-WANT.

IT WAS AN AUDACIOUS PLAN, I ADMIRE THAT.
THE HOLO' OF OLD DESOUZA ESPECIALLY. HOPING TO MAKE ME SO PARANOID ABOUT INFILTRATION THAT I'D HAND YOU THE CHIMERA DATA WITHOUT A SECOND THOUGHT.


YOU MADE ONE FATAL ERROR: ALL ZCT OPERATIVES ABOVE GRADE NINE HAVE A SECURITY CODE SURGACE CORTED ON THEIR RIGHT KIDNEY.
YOU, A SUPPOSED GRADE TWELVE, DID NOT.
UH?

THAT'S RIGHT. WE'VE KNOWN YOU WORKED FOR THE GRANT CORPORATION ALL ALONG.
LET YOU FEED US THE TASER AND PH GEL DATA--WE WANTED TO KNOW WHAT YOU WERE AFTER, WHO YOUR CONTACTS WERE.

WE'VE NETTED QUITE A HAUL THANKS TO YOU INCLUDING CAPTAIN PALMER.
NUH NUH NO. SHE'S NOT...

I MAY BE MAD AS THEY SAY I AM BUT I'M NOT STUPID! YOU WILL TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU KNOW...

OTHERWISE YOU'LL SOON DISCOVER THERE IS SUCH A THING AS A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH.
NOOHH!